

MARGO SWISS

**Maternal Eros**  
*For Jonathan*

Before you entered the world  
God knew you perfectly;  
you were to Him  
as though his only one.

Yet loving  
(in His way) unjealously,  
He gave you to me  
to harbour wholly  
unseen.

Bathed in dark,  
you grew, in time to pursue  
your gallant path to light:  
infant, boy, adolescent and  
before me now—

a man  
standing fast  
in God's footsteps.

I faint for  
love of  
you!

*Margo Swiss's poetry appears earlier in this volume.*

JOANNA M. WESTON

**Looking Forward**

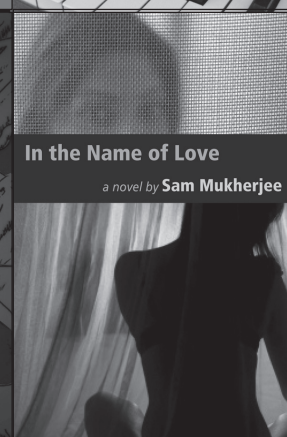
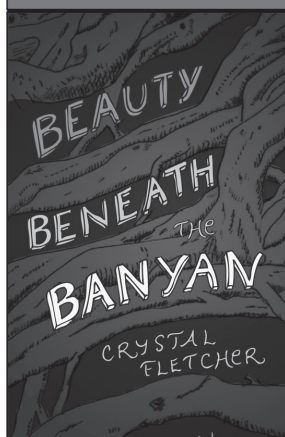
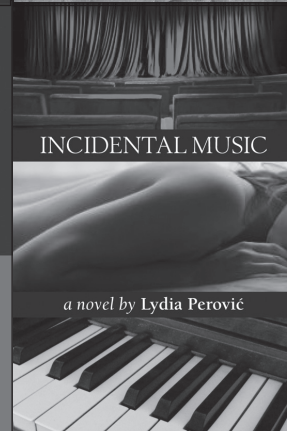
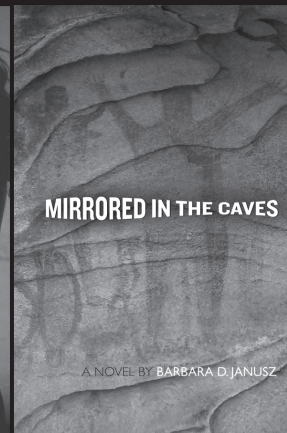
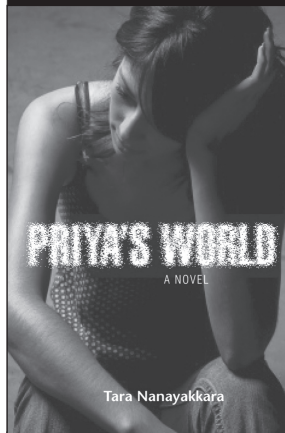
this new language  
foreign to childhood  
teen years twenties  
The language of aging

I have been young  
been at play at work  
raised children farmed

no need to struggle  
with the angst of youth  
as I accommodate myself  
to the vocabulary  
of memory

*Joanna Weston's poetry appears earlier in this volume.*

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